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* *

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"TOM TOM" is an official student publication of the University of Illinois with Editorial and Business offices at 725 South Wright Street, Champaign, Illinois.

Cover Girl for the first issue of TOM TOM is winsome and lovely Miss Doris Burke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Burke of Evanston, Illinois. Known to her hundreds of friends as "Dodie," Miss Burke is active in Theatre Guild, Illini Union and campus political parties. A junior in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, she is a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Photo by Mazur of Evanston



Acknowledgments . . .

For guidance, assistance and cooperation, "above and beyond the call of duty," our sincere appreciation and gratitude is extended . . .

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To the student body for its understanding of the many problems which confronted us in the matter of time and cost.

To all of you we pledge our efforts and our loyalty. We shall earnestly strive to keep the faith you have placed in us by being continually guided by the nobility of purpose that is a part of the Illini creed.

THE STAFF



TO THE STAFF

Ten days isn't very long to organize, promote and write the material for a magazine. There were many who said that it couldn't be done. The fact that you successfully delivered a counterpoint to all such assertions is testified to by this magazine. In behalf of the entire student body I wish to thank you for your cooperation and unselfish service.

THE EDITOR

Paris and San Francisco —

1919 *and* 1945

Some Pertinent Observations
by a Distinguished American

By **Albert Howe Lybyer**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Albert Howe Lybyer, former head of the History department at the University, was a member of Colonel House's commission of inquiry into terms of peace in 1918, an assistant in the Balkan division of the American Commission to negotiate peace, Paris, 1919, and General Technical Adviser to the American Commission on Mandates in Turkey, 1919.*



In comparing at this time the Peace Conference at Paris in 1919 with the United Nations' Conference on International Organization at San Francisco in 1945, the first obvious fact is that the former gathering is finished and is part of history, while the latter has just been begun and its description must be mainly prophecy. The Conferences are alike in their coming near the ends of great World Wars, and in being held by victor nations with the exclusion of those vanquished or neutral. Also, the Paris meeting was far more complicated than that projected for San Francisco, since it fashioned complete treaties of peace, while the San Francisco meeting is expected to confine its discussions to the single problem of world organization. But, both Conferences are related to the welfare of all mankind and arouse vast hopes among war-wearied and peace-loving peoples.

The Paris Peace Conference contained representatives of 32 victorious nations, and its treaties were presented to five defeated nations. The opening date was January 18, 1919, and the great treaty with Germany was signed at Versailles five months and ten days later. This document of several hundred pages contained 15 parts and 440 articles. The other four treaties were nearly as large. Each treaty contained first the Covenant of the League of Nations, then sections relating to territories and boundaries, to military provisions, to reparations, and to many other matters.

The Paris Conference had a President in M. Clemenceau, Premier of France, a Secretary, and a number of Commissions. The 70 delegates met only a few times in plenary sessions. Questions were finally settled in a Council representing five nations: America, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan. Part of the time the Council was reduced to three men: Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau.

A Commission on the League of Nations was appointed on January 20, 1919, with Woodrow Wilson as chairman, and eighteen other members, half from great powers and half from lesser powers. A draft of the Covenant was finished by February 14, and the completed document was ready April 28. The Covenant was put at the beginning in each of the five treaties prepared by the Conference.

The San Francisco Conference is not a peace conference, nor is it, unless in a rudimentary way, a constitutional convention. Its whole scope as planned is the same as that of the Commission on the League of Nations at the Paris Peace Conference. Yet its membership is drawn not from 14, but from at least 48 nations, and the number of its delegates is several times the 70 at Paris. The extent of publicity is far beyond anything imagined in 1919. Coming not after armistice with all enemies, but while the war with Germany is approaching its violent end and the war with Japan is working toward its climax, the pressure is great to complete the labors of the Conference within four weeks from April 25, 1945.

The Conference has before it a draft charter in an advanced state of development. Three or four years ago, a committee in the American State Department began work on the problem of world organization. Starting with the Covenant of the League of Nations, a document was prepared which was laid before representatives of the British and Russian governments at Dumbarton Oaks near Washington from August to October, 1944. Chinese representatives were consulted afterwards.

The San Francisco Conference starts with the draft prepared at Dumbarton Oaks. Many amendments have been proposed already, and some will certainly be adopted. The Conference will work in a number of plenary sessions, commissions, committees, and sub-committees. The four powers already consulted profess eagerness to hear all suggestions and opinions presented by the 44 or more other nations. Many persons hope that a more comprehensive, effective, and enduring plan than that for the League of Nations in 1919 will come from the deliberations at San Francisco.

By the time this issue is released to the public, the San Francisco Peace Conference will be in the hands of historians. The above observations, though, by one who attended the Paris Conference, should be of benefit to those seeking to provide an accurate background for their considerations of the San Francisco Conference.—THE EDITOR.

DEAR ERIC . . .

With all her love she said, and that is the way it turned out

By *Adrienne Chapman*

DEAR ERIC:

It seems strange to be writing you after such a long silence.

Today, I received a long-distance phone call from someone very dear to me. I wanted to be alone to think, so I walked down the old path near the lagoon.

I can remember when the boys and girls used to take the long way home from school and walk along this path. I was so excited the first time you told me you would walk me home. From the first, you told me—never asked. You were captain of the football team then, and I was only one of your admirers.

I used to go out and watch football practice every day with the hope that you might look up and smile at me. Often, I refused dates hoping you would ask me out. It didn't matter to me whether you called a day in advance—or an hour in advance.

When you asked another girl to the prom, I cried myself to sleep for nights. I accepted another date and spent hours trying to make myself attractive so that you might ask me to dance. You told me her mother was a good friend of your mother's and that you had been forced to take her.

The following fall, you went to the University of Illinois. You kissed me lightly and said you'd write. I followed your progress closely—through the papers. You had caught the public's fancy and were its college football idol. I seldom heard from you.

I lived for the weekends you were coming in. The phone would ring excitedly as if even it knew there was something special about the call, and you would say: "Hi, honey. Pick you up about eight." You would stroll in about ten without bothering to make any excuse for being late.

I loved the times we went out alone. I told you all the trivial things that seemed exciting and important to me, and was delighted when you were amused by little anecdotes. You called me your "girl" and I immediately forgot all the painful stories in which your name was linked with the names of other girls.

My mother insisted that I go out with other boys, but I never really enjoyed myself. Once I went steady with a good-looking fellow who had been your rival in high school. I made sure that you would hear about it by telling many of our mutual friends. The next time you came in you called and, of course, I went out with you.

In time, I came to realize that you had your "little affairs" at school. I justified you by telling myself that you weren't expected to stay at home or go stag to affairs when your friends were coupled off.

I graduated and went to a university in the city. I thought perhaps I could forget you. But, I still waited for

the phone calls saying you were in town. I began to understand that I was being foolish and that I was only making myself unhappy by believing in something that was never there. I could never quite convince myself and always thought that someday—somehow—

When the inconceivable happened and the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, you were one of the first to enlist. It was so like you. You became a flier and looked very debonair in your uniform. I was more in love than ever.

For the first few months you were away, I received a few letters from different parts of the country and then you ceased to write altogether. I heard you were an instructor at a flying field and was content with the knowledge that you were still in the country.

When months crawled by and I heard no word from you, I was completely discouraged.

I met an interesting man who was doing some government work in this city. I saw a great deal of him and grew to love him—the kind of love that is composed of companionship and considerateness. Marriage to him would be sweet, and calm, and stable—so different from what marriage to you would be like.

Marriage to you would mean exquisite passion, hilarious laughter, bitter tears. I have grown up and realized that there are other things one must look for in a husband.

He went back to his home town a few weeks ago and I genuinely missed him. We have a lovely friendship; and I am sure he would make a devoted, sympathetic husband.

Because I have always run to you with important things in my life, I am writing now to tell you my decision. In a way I'm a little sorry. I'm not sure this is the right thing to do, but I think it is the only way I can be happy.

I'm going to accept that proposal. I'm taking the train tomorrow, because I don't want to waste much time. Oh, and, Eric dear, please meet me and we'll choose a ring.

All my love.

"TOM TOM"

READ IT

*It's the pulse of a great
University*

FIGHTING ILLINI

By Gwen Goldstein

Remember Those Whiz Kids?

Cpl. Jack Smiley '44, crack shot on the famous five, is now fighting near Berk, Germany. Lt. Andy Phillips '44, hit Iwo Jima with the 4th Marine division. Pfc. Art Mathiesen '43, and Lt. Gene Vance '44, are overseas, and Cpl. Ken Menke '43, at last report, was fighting in Belgium.

Illini Quips . . .

Capt. Orrin D. Rawlings '42, who calls his P-51 Mustang fighter "The Fighting Illini," has been awarded the distinguished flying cross. . . . Lt. Arthur T. Lennon '45, a member of Sachem and Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternities, recently flew his 25th mission with the 12th AAF. . . . "Extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial combat," won the distinguished flying cross for another Illini, Lt. Robert S. Davis, Fairmount.

Notes from Illini . . .

Lt. Bill Penpe '44, writes from Germany: "In my infantry regiment here in the 9th army, are some old Illini: Lt. Edward Hagman, who was with me in ROTC, ASTP, and the same class in OCS; Lt. Jack Streed '43, who is with an armored outfit, and Lt. Mike Eberle '44."

We hear that Lt. Dale O. Davison, Evanston, who has been in Italy since last August was awarded the air medal with three bronze oak leaf clusters. A bombardier on a B-24 Liberator, Davison recently scored his 50th combat mission in Europe.

Also hear that Marine Master Technical Sergeant William T. Hendrick, St. Louis, Mo., is a radioman aboard the "command ship" attached to the Headquarters of Marine air forces in the Pacific. He keeps ranking Marine generals and their staffs in contact with the world during inspection flights ranging from the Solomon Islands to Washington, D. C.

Heroes . . .

Outstanding heroism, as well as ingenuity, won the Silver Star for Sgt. Wayne E. Van Dyke '46 of the 11th armored division. His tank was disabled and two of his crew seriously wounded when Nazis ambushed his platoon. The tank was evacuated under heavy fire, and Sgt. Van Dyke stayed with the wounded men, taking them to a protected spot near a building.

He had the men pretend to be dead as the Nazis approached, but one man shook so from the cold that it was a certain give-away. Van Dyke held his comrade's hands to keep them still and the Nazis, after lifting the Yank's arm to examine his wrist watch, passed on. Later Van Dyke carried the crew through enemy lines to safety.

During 16 months of flying P-38 Lightnings and P-40 Warhawks in the Southwest Pacific, Capt. Clayton L. Peterson '40, Pontiac, earned the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Presidential Citation with Clusters.

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- May 29 Square Dance, Union Building,
Senior Ball
- May 30 Memorial Day
- June 2 Semester Exams End,
Senior Dance
- June 3 Baccalaureate and Commencement Exercises
- June 4 Entrance Exams
- June 8 Freshman Week Begins
- June 11 Registration of Graduates
and Undergraduates
- June 12 Freshman Week Ends,
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Here and There . . .

With Audrey and Marge

Great weather for hayrides, *n'esth pas?* At any rate, Mansion women are still picking hay out of their ears from theirs on May 5. Graham Lodge's was on April 27 and the next night Illini Hall did its up brown and had a scavenger hunt and record dance all in one evening. Fireside was real exclusive and wouldn't tell us when they were having theirs . . . must have been afraid of crashers or something.

A weekend that must have taxed the calendars of our busy campus kings and queens (so-called), was April 27-28. Triangle had an informal record dance on the 28th; the Cosmos held their spring formal in the Commons—the 27th—with Ernie Englund's band blasting out the music; Chi O's had an informal spring dance the 28th; ditto the Gamma Phi's, who grudgingly kept their theme secret until the dance (wonder why they were confiscating all the brew labels in Biddie's the night preceding).

"A Masked Ball" was the theme of the DG's formal, also on the 28th. Everyone was masked except the chaperones, who were blindfolded.

Stone Haven competed with Grand Central station on April 28th when they and Graham Lodge, Keowa Kerry House, Le Chateau, Reeter Club and Vanlig held their spring formal, the April Nocturne, there. The place was bulging with beauty. Ivy House held theirs May 19.

Club Commons, Larry Lonneu's music, "I'll Remember April" theme, the 28th plus Leeman Lodge, Shawnee, Welsh House, Stratford, Bethany Circle, and Wyngate equals one good formal. Even more spring formals on the books in the merry, merry month of May.

Illini Hall's was May 12, Trelawney's the 19th. Sager's, the 5th, with alums down for the shindig—also special breakfast for them the morning after. 505 East Chalmers—Joe Warren's band—May 5th.

AOPi's had their spring formal April 21st—low lights, low music, etc. Same date, ZTA's "This is the Story of a Starry Night," same atmosphere. (So this is what our meteorology professor means by "atmosphere"!)

May 12th was the night of the Delta Zeta spring hop with John Hall's orchestra officiating; Beta's, same night, only informal; Lambda Chi's, it says here, took over the Champaign Country Club on the 12th, and hosted a dinner-dance . . . also the date for the Tri-Delt informal dance and the combined Pi Phi-Theta spring ball at the Theta house.

The treasurers (plural-note) must have decided that the houses weren't going on the rocks after all, or else have been clinging tightly to the purse strings until the formal appearance of Spring, which seems to have a loosening effect on everything—even served to pry off several badges that the casual observer might have judged to be riveted on.

Sig Chi's Jack Clatfelder and Bill Heiss hung their pins on Kappa's Barb Murphey and Marilyn Brayband. Nancy Marcs and Marilyn Kaffie, AEPhi's, have the ZBT pins of Lenny Bressler and Ed Krigel. A satisfactory exchange of jewelry was made by AKL's Clark Stein, Lee Sullivan, and Paul Kurry to Mary Hatfield; Ann Noble, Theta; and Jan Ellington, Kappa, in that order. Ah! love, love, love! (However temporary, it's always such keen fun).

Phi Psi Reid Howe pinned Edie Tousch, Theta pledge, and Skull Bob Carlson, did same to Portia Dormet, Lowell Hall. Barb Clayton, Gamma Phi, is now officially pinned to Burt La Vigne, Phi Delt from the U. of California;

notice from the Pi Lams states that Phil Rosenblum and Arnold Opler are pinned to Hillaine Davis and Shirley Abel, Phi Sigma Sigmas. Phi Ep Ralph Gandelman recently gave his badge to Marilyn Powell of Chicago. Any change in the above by the time you read this is entirely the fault of the publisher.

Chambana (I like Urpaign better) was populated with picnickers on April 28th. Among said eater-outers on said date were Dornach, Alpha House, and Trelawney. Trelawneyites and their dates returned to the house later for an informal (Really! with blujbeans!) record dance. But the boys from 508 East John were the smart ones . . . they kept the date a secret so the weather man couldn't schmaltz their plans. In fact, it was so secret we still don't know when it was.

However, Club Topper was good to us and told: April 22nd. Chez Nous' (pronounced shawnooz to youse) gave a weiner roast in the back yard for the mothers that just happened to be down that weekend.

After May comes June, as near as we are able to calculate with our slide rule, and June, as everyone knows too well, is the month of marriages, or near-marriages. Which brings us to the subject in hand: engagements, and for those few who didn't quite see their way clear to escaping, hitchings.

Engaged:

Dorothy Barney, DeeGee to Pfc. Lawrence Hitchcock, Phi Psi; Joan Blumenschein, ADPi to S1-c Andrew Miller; Cecily Denell, AOPi to Mitchell Spires; Lorrie Diamond, AEPhi to Al Klein, Phi Ep; Lou Dean Dorris, Trelawney to William Nyman; Rita Eizenrich to Corporal Tony Rose; Barbara Feldman to Lt. Leonard Feltman; Barbara Gravehoist, Lowell Hall to George Kobylansky, Triangle; Joan Hertenstein, ADPi to Warren Vitt, Sig Ep; Marian Hinton to Wilbur Meers; Lorraine Mieshke, ZTA to Lt. Waldron Fritz, USMC; Carol Quimby, AOPi to Richard Oldham; Martha Ryan, ZTA to Lt. Walter J. Touhey.

Isabelle San, Ivy House to Paul Goldsmith; Carolyn Schertz, SAI to Robert Kaufman; Arline Shaw, Alpha Gam to Phil Luft, V-12; Regina Sporey, 312 East Daniel to Lt. Wilford Cram; Annis Steinly, Theta to Don Halberg, V-12—AKL; Dorrine Van Dyke, Alpha Xi to Glenn Carlson; Wilma Wetzel, Alpha Phi to Earl Shopeland; Larry Williams, Shawnee to Clarence Crossley.

Married:

Patricia Armor, ADPi to Lt. Peter Wolting, Alpha Chi Rho; Marian Barrer, Alpha Gam to Eddie Wattling, Chi Phi; Lonnie Burnett, AOPi to Lt. Charles Phillips; Anona Gerdes to Lt. Al Jones; Doris Gilbertson, DeeGee to Russell Walters, Theta Xi; Virginia Halligan, Tri-Delt to Ens. Garth Goben; Mary Hukenill, AOPi to Lt. Ed Nissen, Kappa Sig; Gloria Novitsky, AEPhi to Lt. Milton Rosenblum, Phi Ep; Nell Ruth O'Bryne, AOPi to Bob Schopland, Phi Delt; Jeanette Phillips, ADPi to Ens. James Lindsey.

Bernie Perisich, 312 East Daniel to Capt. Albert Toney; Lois Roe, Alpha Gam to Lt. Vince Switzer, Sig Nu; Priscilla Sandford, Alpha Chi to Lt. John Ehrhardt, Sig Chi; Patt Schmidt, Alpha Chi to Howard Heinz, SAE; Betty Shaw, Alpha Xi to Stan Patrick; Ann Wiseheart, AOPi to Lt. George Hansen.

HOMework?

There were no such things as roll call and cuts—says this former Polish student

By Helena Znaniecki

When you are debating whether or not to take that “last” cut in your eight o’clock class, think about the students in Polish universities of the era not so long ago.

They were never bothered by roll-call and cuts. In fact, they were required to attend only two classes in each subject during a given semester—the first and the last. Many, after registering, went back to their home towns and worked all semester, returning only to secure the signatures of their professors on their identification books and take the final examination.

The professors did not expect large numbers of students at their lectures. For instance, one year at the University of Poznan, six hundred first-year law students were registered for courses in a class-room that would accommodate only two hundred and seventy people. Although these students were all scheduled to attend the same class at the same time the room was never full. The chemistry and medical departments were the only exceptions. Those enrolled in these two departments attended classes on a basis similar to the one used in America.

The university exercised no control what-so-ever over the private lives of their students. They were free to come and go according to their own desires. Housing, activities and deportment—things we expect to have regulated for us—were taken care of by the individual student. Only the scientific clubs—which used university equipment—were supervised by the administration. Sponsored and encouraged by faculty members these clubs were organized solely for the purpose of research.

In some instances students banded together for the purpose of obtaining housing and supplies on a cooperative basis. Such an organization was the Fraternal Aid Association. It fell short of the American standard for such organizations by shunning anything that concerned the social life of its members. This phase of student life—the social, that is—was taken care of by “corporations” which were in many respects similar to our Greek-letter fraternities. These “corporations” added color and gaiety to the campus with their festivals, parades and colorful modes of dress. These “corporations” were officially recognized by the university and set the patterns for dress styles and social behavior for the entire campus.

In general, however, the interests of Polish students seemed to lean more toward the intellectual rather than the social. One explanation for this may be found in the fact that the universities accepted only students who had already completed a lyceum, that is, the equivalent of an American Junior College. Upon the completion of their courses in some junior college the students were given Maturity degrees similar to those introduced at the University of Chicago by President Hutchins.

There was no such thing as a Bachelor’s degree, only a Master’s which was given at the end of three and a half years of work.

While you might envy the care-free existence of the Polish undergraduate, the requirements and procedures for obtaining a professorship would make the average American feel that he was being imposed upon.

Those who wished to become professors had a long and rough road to travel, even though they had obtained a Doctor’s degree through the contributing of some original work at the end of two additional years of study.

The aspirant professor had first to apply for “habilitation.” This application, called, “candidacy for habilitation,” was read to the faculty of the institution concerned by the Dean of the college. After a month of waiting for the faculty to think it over, the personal characteristics of the candidate were discussed openly. If he was considered to be moral and personable, a committee was appointed to investigate all his writings.

Their report was given at a meeting held several months after the candidate had filed his application. If this report was found to be favorable, the applicant was summoned to a faculty meeting and questioned for many hours concerning the subject matter in his field. If the faculty decided that his knowledge was sufficient, he was invited by the Dean to give a lecture the next day on one of three topics which he had been required to submit.

This lecture, delivered without notes, was open to the public. If the faculty was satisfied, the candidate’s name was presented to the University Senate and, if approved by that body, to the Minister of Education for approval.

If the Minister, usually a very stern and august personage, approved, the new professor was permitted to teach as “Private Docent” without remuneration. When a “chair” became vacant at any one of the five State Universities, all the “Private Docents” lecturing on the subject taught by the person who had occupied the vacant “chair” were discussed and compared by the faculty of that University.

The professor chosen had to appear before the Senate and the Minister for a second time. If they approved him then, his application was submitted to the President of the Republic for final action.

If this last barrier to fame and success was surmounted, the professor was then in a position to marry the girl of his choice and support his family!

Voluntary contributions to “TOM TOM” must be in the Editorial offices not later than May 20th if they are to be accepted for publication in the June issue.



DIG THIS . . .

By Mary McClure

Back in 1872 the first campus magazine, *THE STUDENT*, was published. In looking through its first "glorious" issues, this is what we found:

"Some of the students who seem to have but little work to do have formed inter-collegiate chess, baseball, and billiard associations. Certainly the good sense of the young men of this campus will prevent such tournaments. Students should have a higher aim in life than to emulate the traveling ball players of the country."

Chapel attendance, we found out, was compulsory, but the students decided it was not sinful to study on Sunday because, after all—"If the Lord justifies man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will He justify the ass for trying to help himself out."

And, then, there was this fascinating bit from an editorial: "In this manner, Inquiry is the Ariadne, that presents to the searcher for truth the clue that enables him to penetrate and unravel the worse than Cretan labyrinth, in which lurks the Hydra-headed Minotaur, Error."

Crowded between essays on "Beau Ahademie," "Spirituality," "Insectivorous Plants," "Agriculture in Asia Minor," etc., we found one "short story" in which, after a long treatise on the evil effects of nicotine, a plot was found—a young student makes his New Year's resolution, "I will give up this health-harming habit."

Another short story found in a later issue was about a beautiful, wealthy girl who wanted to be happy but didn't know how. Did she get a date, chug-a-lug, or sleep through her eight o'clocks for a week? Oh, no. She went for a

walk, sobbing over her miseries. Then a little fairy appeared, and danced around singing, "Be Happy!" and finally got to the point which was "I Am Industry. My time and talent I spend in making others happy." The dear girl then decided to imitate the fairy. The final line went like this—"The breezes were sighing and the leaves were nodding, and they said, 'Find happiness in work!'"

"Baachus has drowned more men than Neptune," the magazine pointed out. But we found that even in 1878 a few students had an imagination. Someone wanted to know—"Who was the student who inebriated himself Saturday on brandy peaches?"

Occasionally "jokes" were printed:

Letter to a college professor: "Sure as you are a man of noledge, I will enter my son in your skull."

And there was this one:

"Say nothing uttered in whispers. See nothing covered with whiskers."

In the October issue of 1873 someone asked *THE STUDENT* to publish "Incidents which happen in chapel, library recitation and society rooms." The answer was: "Do we want to take up a University paper and see recorded there in black and white that some sublime specimen of manhood tied Miss B's apron strings to her chair, etc.? Let the paper be filled with the *best* productions of the students."

A fashion note of the same year was that the women students began the fad of wearing pencils on long strings attached to their belts.

Let's give the class of '80 a triple Oskee-Wow-Wow for their farsightedness. That year they began petitioning the trustees to build new student dormitories.

COCK O' THE WALK

By George Henderson

A study in group partisanship can be made by circulating among the V-12s and crying, "Cock-o' the Walk." This arouses an immediate, emphatic response. The reaction differs in each company. But a look of awareness shoots into each fellow's eyes and he is on the defensive.

A boy in A company might reply indignantly, "It should be rightfully ours! We deserve it more than anyone else! Look at our basketball team! Our runners."

A boy in B company stoutly declares, "Of course, it should be ours! It's a cut and dried case. If you don't think so, well, look at our baseball team."

A boy in C company would probably toss his head contemptuously and say, "Well, we've had it all along. Trophies like that usually end up where they belong."

A boy in D company might snap curtly, "Who cares?"

Cock-o' the Walk is a pennant—a white flag with an emblem of a rooster on it. It was made by one of the men in the late Signal school—an excellent artist. For the last two terms, this pennant has been awarded to the company ranking highest in scholarship, track, swimming, strength test, and "extra duty." This present term other events such as basketball, baseball, rifle shooting, etc., will be included.

Company C has had sole proprietorship of the Cock-o' the Walk since it originated. They won it the first time by an exhibition of marching before the Captain and the Signal school. The second term win was based on swimming, strength test, grades, track, and "extra duty."

Who will get it next is a question disputed by the entire battalion. Quien sabe?

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Plow Boy Prom



Full and wholesome, in the Illini manner, was the fun had by all attending the Annual Plow Boy Prom held on April twentieth in Huff gymnasium.

The winsome freshman in the upper-left hand corner is Jackie Opp, a Pi Beta Phi from Collinsville, Illinois.

Photos by Glen Scheufele

Illini Union Show



Lynn Hannah (lower-right) in the lead is enough to pack any auditorium in itself, but the Illini Union extended itself and presented the lovely chorus (above) as a premium to those attending the Annual Illini Union Show. At the piano are Rudy Bukovsky, Janice Caudill, Mary Sue (my-my) Meyers and Jerry Mendelson.

Photos by Paul Busey



"LOOK ABOUT YOU"

With Ellie Lukens

Many, many years ago, during the time which is recorded only in Greek myths, Jupiter, the king of gods and men, became very displeased with the ways of men on earth. Crime, fraud, violence and war were rife, and modesty, truth and honor had fled.

So angered was he at the condition of the world that he summoned the gods to a council heaven, and there announced his intention of destroying its inhabitants, and providing a new race, worthier of life and more reverent toward the gods.

Fearing that a fire might consume heaven itself, he proceeded to drown the world, with the help of his brother, Neptune. The race of men and all their possessions were quickly swept away by the deluge, and Parnassus alone, of all the mountains, was higher than the water. There Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, favored by Jupiter for their harmless lives and pious demeanor, found refuge.

After the water receded they sought an oracle at a temple, and prayed for guidance and aid. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with head veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind you the bones of your mother." Much amazed, Deucalion and Pyrrha at last concluded that the oracle had spoken of the earth, the great mother of all, and of the stones as her bones. Veiling their faces and unbinding their garments, they picked up stones and cast them behind them.

The stones began to grow and to assume shape. Slowly they began to form a rude resemblance to the human form; those thrown by Deucalion became men, and those by Pyrrha, women.¹

Through the years came the myth, and now, here, on the Illinois campus, stand the sons and daughters of Deucalion and Pyrrha worked in stone. The daughters, caught in the development between stone and human form by the imagination and artistic talent of Lorado Taft, rest in front of the University library; the sons, in similar stage, overlook the quadrangle from the steps in front of the Auditorium.

The four figures were originally meant to be part of a group which was to be placed at one end of the Midway in Chicago, as a companion to the Fountain of Time, also by Taft. However, the city altered the contract, and at the time of the artist's death the composition was incomplete, and the four figures were given to the University.

Too few students on campus realize the wealth of interesting history and tradition held by the monuments and buildings they pass every day. A walk around the campus and a little background, will reveal many unrealized though intrinsic parts of the University.

For example, it is possible that even though many people may be aware that the grave of President Gregory, the first president of the University of Illinois, rests on the campus grounds between the Administration and the Mathematics buildings, not many of them have bothered to push aside the evergreen bushes and read the inscription in bronze there. It is one of the most fitting tributes ever written to a great man. It reads: "If you would seek his monument, look about you."

Upon looking back into encyclopedias, and with a little help from Mr. Stephens, the University historian, we find that the epitaph was taken from that of Christopher Wren. Wren was a famous English architect who, during his lifetime, constructed many of the outstanding cathedrals, libraries, and other public edifices of the kingdom.

He was buried under the choir loft of Saint Paul's cathedral in London, which he erected, and over the choir loft entrance was placed the following inscription: "Beneath is

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"IT WAS ALWAYS LIKE THAT"

A Short Short Story

By Mary Lou Worley

"Oh, but surely you must have two tickets for the matinee," Mother said plaintively. "We've come from out of town to see it." (We always came from out of town). "I want so much for my little girl to see it," and she fluttered her long lashes slightly.

"Come now, you don't have a daughter—you're too young," the rather flushed agent said incredulously.

As I looked at her standing there, I agreed. (I always kept quite a distance at a time like this). Her legs were perfect and she stood with one ankle tilted just right against the other. The men always turned around and looked at those legs. She was in a stunning ensemble—black, always black . . . it did so much for her blonde hair.

I stood in the alcove patiently. It was always like this—and we always got the tickets. Soon mother would open her eyes a little wider and say helplessly, "Oh, WHAT shall I do?" That always did it.

There was the time in Detroit that Mother had lost her purse and I was so hungry I was ill. She placed me in a chair in the lobby and said she would be right back. (She always seemed to KNOW I would be all right). In a short time she came back with a very sympathetic looking gentleman who was "going to take us to dinner and wasn't that lovely of him?" It was lovely—we had a sumptuous meal and the man was delighted to have company. It was always like that—she made everyone so happy because he could help. I just sat there eating and listening to mother's delightful conversation. It was best to keep very still so the man would forget me.

"Oh, this isn't YOUR daughter!" the man had exclaimed when mother had introduced me.

"Yes," Mother said brightly. "Isn't she a big girl?"

"Why, you're bigger than your mother, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, and the "S" hissed through my braces, as usual.

"She's big for her age, don't you think?" Mother asked.

"She certainly is," he agreed.

Not certain as to whether that was good or bad, I said "Thank you." It was always like that . . .

"Oh, officer, I didn't realize I was going sixty. It was late and I wanted to get this child home to bed. If you give me a ticket, I don't know what I shall doooo." The officer looked at the wide, pleading blue eyes and sniffed the faint odor of Shalimar. He hesitated a moment, and then he said, "Waal, no, I don't reckon it matters this time—you go on and get that kid home to bed."

"Oh, that's lovely of you, officer," she said and we sped on. I was huddled in the corner—shivering. I always shivered when I was frightened, and situations like this always made me feel inadequate. But to Mother, it was simple; she always understood people and what they would do—she liked them. Mother turned to me and with that warm smile, said, "All right, doll baby, we'll be home pretty soon." My shivering stopped. Everything was so lovely with Mother...

. . . The "egg man" always saved the white eggs for her at Easter because she told him how much prettier they dyed . . . the milkman had bottles of whipping cream for Mother when everyone in the last four blocks had been disappointed . . . if there were strawberries in February—we would have them . . . there were clerks in every store who "would get

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INDICATIVE of NOTHING

Author (Fortunately) Unknown

Once I tripped over a tennis ball and stubbed my favorite toe. I loved that toe. It served me well and cooperated beautifully with the other nine. But I'm a forgiving soul. So I forgot about it.

Then a door and a frame maneuvered to trap my index finger between them. That finger played Bach, and sometimes, coyly, pecked out "Violate Me In Violet Time." It turned blue and purple. I love blue and purple, but I never did like that door. But I'm good-natured.

My roommate's not. When she caught me swiping an Old Gold, she left a nail on my chair. I had to eat standing up for a week. I began to resent what sat on the nail for being so sensitive.

Then I got into a traffic jam with a curb and knocked over the Dean of the Medical School. He raised his eyebrows and said, "Could I interest you in selling your body?"

I thought about Med students getting under my skin. Then I thought about lucre. I love lucre. Besides, it was a lousy body. It never did me any good. So I sold it.

It turned red from the sun, so I was glad it wasn't mine. Then it got nice and brown and looked well in clothes. A good-looking student took it to a prom and I began to feel kindly toward it. I decided to get it back.

I set it firmly before the Dean and requested to have it returned. He glowered at me threateningly. But I was determined, so he cast a last longing look and accepted my money.

It was a beautiful day and I skipped happily along the campus. My lungs bulged ecstatically, when all at once, I tripped over a tennis ball and stubbed my favorite toe.

I hate tennis balls.

"LOOK ABOUT YOU" . . .

(Continued from Page 14)

laid the builder of the church and city, who lived above ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."²

As Wren constructed buildings, so Gregory established learning.

The Illini spirit can grow deeper and stronger if only we become conscious of these and the many other memorials on our campus. They let us look back through the door of the past to see what helped make Illinois as great as it is today.

¹The *Classic Myths in English Literature*, Gayley, C. M., Pages 15, 16
²The *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 29, Page 566

MORE of the SAME . . .

Now that the war is over in Europe and Judge Vinson is promising immediate reconversion you can expect those people—the girdle manufacturers—to go back to living off the fat of the land. And speaking of girdles, we learn from authoritative sources that a certain BTO wears one—pre war, too—every time he goes to a formal. . . . That just shows to go you that some have and some haven't. . . . Referring to one Kenneth Lundgren who manages to keep four co-eds on his string without any of them getting wise. . . . Clara Booth Luce showed that she had never visited Illinville when she said that girls on the home front were keeping clear, sparkling complexions for the returning service men. . . . The local gals sure look like hades with sloppy pancake and streaked leg-make-up . . . and then they complicate matters by trying to carry all of Greekdom on their shoulders. . . . We can list several hundred reasons for keeping Greek-letter organizations on the campus, but that doesn't make us endorse everything they do. . . . These courses in elementary and advanced snob-psychology must go . . . verily . . . Maybe when the boys (or should I say men) start coming home things will change somewhat. Let's hope so anyway. . . . Lorrie Ross, our Theatrical Reviewer, just walked in . . . quite a gal—all poised and everything. . . . (Pardon me just a moment while I see just how many more words I need to fill out this space). . . . Well, I'm afraid you will have to bear with me a little longer . . . let's see, now, just what can we talk about. . . . Oh, yes! This Illini Veterans business—It would seem that it was really little Red that swallowed the Wolfe . . . if you know

what I mean. . . . These people who want to reduce society to its lowest level give me a pain. . . . Orchids to the Daily Illini for its splendid review of the war in their war extra. . . . It seems that they jumped the gun as a result of the AP oversporting itself, but nothing to get excited about—as some people did—it happens in the best of journalistic circles as is evidenced by the above. . . . By the time this rag—I mean mag—hits the streets our erstwhile profs will have finished their yearly torture sheets. . . . Here's wishing you all luck.

Put down on your calendar right now that the first thing to be done when fall sessions open is to subscribe to "TOM TOM" . . . We, the students, must get on the ball and keep this thing going. . . . Beginning this fall we are going to inaugurate a system whereby each house will have a representative on our Policy Panel. . . . These rep's will hold a criticism meeting after each issue is released; also be responsible for subscriptions, deliveries, etc., in their respective houses. This activity belongs to you, the students. . . . Take a part in it. . . . Right now we are dickering with a Chicago department store biggie for a big fashion carnival this winter. . . . Drop us a line and let us know what you like and what you don't like about us. . . . Make it short and be sure to sign your name. Well, Cheerio, and don't take any wooden nickles this summer.

P.S.—Beginning with the next issue, Ye Edetyr, Watson Blake, will pick the cover girl from a selection made by the entire staff. No more contests, we hope! If anyone can think of a name for our little Indian, please let us know.

SHEILA and I

By Jeanne Kurz

I doubt if anyone else in the church even noticed the strange look in Sheila's eyes as she walked down the aisle beside her father. Most of the women were looking at Sheila's imported lace wedding gown, and the men were watching the groom, each one probably wondering secretly if HE had been that calm on his own wedding day.

Sheila looked beautiful. But then Sheila always did look wonderful in white; and she wore it often. Somehow or other white did so much for her pale blonde hair and tan skin. And her eyes! I'll bet you've never seen eyes like hers. They're exactly the color of wood violets and fringed all around with unbelievably long and silky black eyelashes. I've known Sheila all my life and I never cease to wonder how any girl can be so beautiful.

Yesterday, in her lacy white wedding gown, she looked lovelier than I'd ever seen her. So slim and straight as she walked proudly down the aisle with Mr. Benton. James stood at the altar watching the woman who would soon be his bride, approaching to the pompous strains of the wedding march.

As I said before, no one else probably even noticed the strangeness of Sheila's eyes, but I did, because I had seen that very same expression in those violet-blue eyes once before.

We were eight then, Sheila and I, and we had found a stray puppy on our way home from school, and brought it to Sheila's house. Mrs. Benton had called it a filthy, dirty hound and told Sheila never to touch strange dogs unless she wanted to "pick up some horrible disease." The butler had shoved the forlorn little puppy gently out the front door. Sheila and I had stood with our noses pressed against the big bay window and watched the dog trot off alone into the damp darkness of an April twilight.

It was then, as I stood by the window in the Benton's lovely drawingroom, that I noticed the strange look in Sheila's eyes. They suddenly looked vacant. Not exactly mournful, but just as if part of her life had been taken away and the hurt of it was being reflected in her lovely eyes. She didn't say a word, but just stood there.

We went through high school together, and then both entered an eastern girls college. I'll never forget how happy and excited we were about going so far away to school.

All the girls at college loved Sheila. Sheila was always so sweet and kind to everyone, and she'd loan her beautiful Parisian evening gowns as if it were nothing to have a closet full of the most gorgeous clothes you ever saw. There just wasn't anything of the snob in Sheila.

Those years in college were wonderful. Sheila's fame as the campus beauty spread from Yale to Dartmouth to Harvard, and she was besieged with invitations to proms, house parties and winter carnivals. There were many men in Sheila's life. She liked them all, but never fell in love with any of them.

Then, in our senior year, Sheila really fell in love, but not with a college boy. Johnnie wasn't on the Yale football team or on a Dartmouth racing crew. You see, Johnnie was the young associate professor in English at our school. All the girls had fantastic crushes on Mr. Lattimer, due, no doubt, to the novelty of having a young, as well as very handsome, man for an English instructor. He'd worked his way through a large middle-western university, and hadn't

had the time nor money to date much, so when he fell in love with Sheila it was the real thing with him. And I know it was with Sheila, too.

After graduation, Johnnie came home with Sheila in order to meet her parents and to arrange for their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Benton were extremely nice to Johnnie, but it was easy to see that he didn't fit into their plans for Sheila at all. Not that there was anything wrong with Johnnie. He was well-mannered, well-educated, and good-looking.

Johnnie and Sheila hadn't said anything to Mr. and Mrs. Benton about their plans for getting married, so I was surprised when Sheila came over so late that night. I was just turning back the covers to get into bed, when I heard the slam of a car door outside my window, and, looking out, I saw Sheila's pale gray roadster parked in front of the house. I threw on a robe and hurried downstairs to let her in.

Sheila came into the house, and I knew immediately that something had happened.

"Johnnie's gone! Oh, Jane, what can I do?" Then she broke down completely.

Upstairs, in my room, she cried for hours while I sat there helpless. I'd never seen Sheila unhappy before. She's always had everything she wanted. Finally, she quit sobbing and told me that she'd told Johnnie to leave, because she couldn't disappoint her parents. There'd been quite a scene, but Johnnie had finally left on the midnight train.

"But, Janie, I do love him. More than anyone else in the world. But I just couldn't disappoint my parents. They've always done everything for me and given me everything I wanted, and it would have hurt them dreadfully if I'd married Johnnie."

So that's the story of Johnnie and Sheila. Sheila broke her own heart and Johnnie's too.

A few days later Sheila went out west with Mr. and Mrs. Benton, and I didn't hear from her or anything about her, until I opened the evening paper several weeks ago to see Sheila staring back at me with those beautiful eyes. Underneath the picture, was the announcement of Miss Sheila Ann Benton's engagement and approaching marriage to James Fentrell of Boston.

So yesterday Sheila and James were married. Sheila was marrying the kind of man her parents had always expected their daughter to marry. I was maid of honor and stood at the altar by James and watched Sheila come down the aisle with her father. It was then that I saw the look in her violet eyes. Somehow or other, all I could think of was an eight-year-old Sheila standing in the bay window with her little nose pressed against the cool glass, watching a tiny black dog trot off into the dusk and rain.

IT WAS ALWAYS LIKE THAT . . .

(Continued from Page 14)

a discount on it for you" . . . we got free service on our toastmaster long after the year guarantee had expired . . . there was one person (she met on the train) who would get her all the wire fencing she wanted FREE—also piston rods!

I looked up when I heard the rapid clicking which Mother's shoes made. She was coming towards me, waving the two tickets and saying gaily, "Fifth row, center, Dear." I looked at her and smiled. "Of course."

Mother started down the aisle and I followed—a little behind her. It was always like that.

"Heap Cuties"



Helen



Charlotte



Maxine



Thora



Alice





By Margie Pope

Seeing as how this is the final, as well as first, issue of this school year, we are reverting to what the psychologists tell us can only be done by the highest form of intelligent human being—reminiscing. 'Twas indeed a good year! . . . Well, that's enough of that," as the SAE said when he snatched back his pin from the Kappa.

After ushering in the month of May with a streak of, if you'll pardon us, lousy weather, we were pleased to note the appearance of Old Sol and, natch, the picnics. (Overheard Freshman remark: "But where's the food?")

On the honor roll for having some good outdoor festivals are the Theta Xi's, the Beta's, the AKL's, the Phi Delt's, and so on ad infinitum. All conducted in the grand old Illini manner: with formality, etiquette, and all sorts of picnic equipment such as advertised in Better Homes and Gardens, i.e., folding blankets in exotic colors, delicately engraved "coke" mugs, and ye olde rustic oaken kegs.

Short, but interesting news note: Mischief, that petite great dane, is still on campus, although his owner, Hank Watker, Theta Delt, has departed for parts unknown, possibly as a result of escorting Mischief to 20-T's for steaks and Bidwell's for beer. (Just for the dog, y'understand).

"Symphony in Silver for Twenty-five Years of Harmony," theme of AcPhi's dance, and "La Pledgioso un Gruesomoso," nightmared up by the Pi Lambda Phi's, must be the final stirrings of the collegiate mind.

Our bid for the busiest weekend of the past month goes to the 4th and 5th. Sig Chi weekend: Friday night hayride, followed by an informal dance Saturday night. SAE celebration: Friday night spent with everyone tramping around the dance floor, attired formally; Saturday, reversion day—B-party, informal dance.

Wonder how all the campus guns managed to attend everything at once? Friday: Alpha Chi Sigma formal; Saturday: Alpha Gam hayride and record dance and Kappa Alpha Psi ditto, minus the hayride. Busy time. Maybe the Illini co-eds have decided they like the college men better after all. (After all the officers have graduated from Chanute field).



By Juin Whipple

Summer formals, which are now in season, are of gay and flexible materials that make possible any number of new and unusual effects.

Combination formal skirts and blouses are easy to work with, and can be varied so often that you need never wear the same outfit twice in a season.

Try a full green and white checked formal skirt with a white or yellow cap-sleeved blouse. The blouse may have either a high boat neck to create an unusual and sophisticated effect, or it may have a square or sweetheart neckline for a cool and summery appearance. Eyelet blouses and trimming will undoubtedly be very popular as eyelet is decidedly in vogue this year.

Formal skirt and blouse ensembles may be fashioned in prints, checks, plaids, or in solid colors which are in direct and striking contrast. Jumper formals may sound too unusual to you, but they are chic in bright plaids or stripes. One of the favorite jumpers of the season is made of white percale with which you can wear multicolored blouses with either long flowing or soft short sleeves. Also, a small drawstring bag of the same material as your skirt will make an attractive addition to your ensemble.

Perhaps you are wearing a drop shoulder or a strapless gown to the next dance. As simplicity is a code to the choice of all apparel, what could be simpler and more regal in appearance than a black gross-grain or a blue-white pearl choker about the throat and a double wristlet of the same. These may be fastened with snaps or tied with short streamers, and completely eliminate your jewelry problem for the evening.

Height is a cause of woe to many tall girls. If you fear the possibility of staring at the top of your date's head all evening, your problem can easily be solved. The answer is ballet shoes. They are obtainable now in colors to match your favorite formal, and, of course, in black and white. They are neat, adequate, and delete the "high-heel blues."

As a final touch take particular consideration of the flowers you will receive, for they are your escort's contribution to your good appearance. The masculine eye will light up upon seeing flowers in your hair, for they are the crowning glory to his queen of the prom.



By Audrey Kranzow

The month of May has certainly been a rush deal, and one thing not to be forgotten is Ham Holtz, the cogitator, tripping around campus trying to find out where Torch keeps the old clothes—he wants a new spring outfit.

Remember the time that Joanne Lustig, Welsh House, unwrapped that huge package she received from Co.'s B-1 and B-2 of the V-12 unit, to find none other than her fiancée, Dick Steacy, inside, singing, "I Love You Truly?" Apparently all good things don't come in small packages.

And the Hansel and Gretel party given by Lowry Lodge. The biggest attraction was the full-sized witch rigged up by that artist gal . . . Rita Michael. Could be that the competition on this fair campus isn't tuff enuff? Patt Zogg of Sager accepted the Phi Psi pin of Vic Bubas, and Jane Cober is proudly displaying Bob Gerald's Alpha Kappa Psi pin. "But natch" was Natalie Raymond's answer when Howie Lieberman, former Alpha Epsilon Pi here, offered her his pin. After one year of diligent effort, Rosh Grebets has finally added that sought-after jewel to her sweater!

So we do get all the tough breaks—Ed Derdzinski left campus to go to Chicago for medical care. Dot Carlton left school to be with her navy husband on the east coast. Now that Dave Golden, TKE, has left the campus, we're wondering whether he is missed more at the TKE house or at Terrace Manor. What say you to that, Lorna Caleme?

For originality, take the Nose club, which has been in existence since last November. This dignified organization is limited to people who can stand on the second floor and pick up peanuts from the sidewalk with their noses. Naturally, bending the knees is cheating. Liz Springer, a staunch peanut-picker-upper says she hasn't cheated once.

Of interest was the recent founding of Beta Gamma Chi which stands for the Better Grades club. The founders are Ray Esposito, Wenatchee, Takeo Shirasawa, Cosmo, and Red Keneski, V-12.

Who could possibly forget the Pajama Race? Ted Lucht, V-12, was called on to pinch-hit for the Sigma Nus. They call him "Rubber-Legs" on the dance floor.



By Jim Colvin

The student walks into the Alumni office at the west end, second floor, of the Union, finds a complex set of goings-on. People dash about in shirt sleeves; red and green lights flicker on the telephone stand; teletalk machines blast out orders; bookkeepers work over ledgers and adding machines; half a dozen girls work at card files; an equal number of stenographers are working on letters; several people paste up page layouts for a tabloid newspaper; and several executives are telephoning in private cubicles.

It started 70 years ago, when a funny-looking three-story building near Green street housed a handful of boarding-school people who comprised the student body of Illinois Industrial University. For a long while, the climax of every alumni year came in June. At this time, old grads came back for class reunions and gathered around class banners set up along the Broadwalk.

Since then the organization has made notable accomplishments. In 1910 Homecoming was established. Illini clubs were formed, some starting scholarship funds. The Alumni fund was created, making possible the Alma Mater statue on the south quadrangle, \$2,000,000 for Memorial Stadium, and \$250,000 to furnish the Illini Union. The association's publication, "Alumni Quarterly and Fortnightly Notes," started as a small booklet, then became a magazine the size of "Time" and was sent to all members, and more recently it became a newspaper tabloid with a 78,000 circulation. A high school relations department was created. An Illini Center was opened in a Chicago loop hotel. Heading the organization's work now are C. E. Bowen '22, executive director; C. E. Younger '35, membership director; Walter Wessman '22, director of field activities; and J. C. Colvin '25, editor of the Alumni News.

All these activities simply are tools with which the Alumni association carries on its single, original job—that of keeping former students informed and so concerned for the welfare of their alma mater that they are agents of goodwill in every community. The daily bread of the University comes from the public and the leaven of it is the enthusiasm of its alumni.



By Lorrie Ross

Our present auditorium has, since its construction, been an accoustical headache. A remodeling about ten years ago failed to bring satisfactory results, and it is generally conceded that our hopes for improvement cannot be directed along such lines.

Due to the miserable accoustics of the place, we are greatly handicapped in our efforts to obtain certain discriminating artists for campus appearances. Dimitri Metropoulos, in his recent appearance here, flatly announced that ours was the "worst hall" in which he had ever conducted.

The very lack of a well-equipped stage in a hall of a size to accommodate a large percentage of the student body is a glaring deficiency. With a hall of adequate seating capacity, Star Course could reach a much wider scope. Students would not be turned away from such campus activities as Sings.

The shining example of a university auditorium, the dream hall of music, is, of course, that of Purdue university. In it are presented an infinite variety of artists which we, here at Illinois, could be enjoying. Such a hall enables that small city to be host to various opera companies, for example. Indeed, Indianapolis opera fans are crowding the trains to Lafayette to witness such performances. And where can opera be better fostered than in our universities?

Other mid-western educational institutions which have seen their responsibility toward providing physical accommodations for such performances are the Indiana university, the University of Michigan, and the University of Minnesota. Professor F. B. Stiven, the director of our School of Music, being thoroughly acquainted with the situation, stands firmly behind all efforts toward the erection of such a center for student functions. He would suggest a hall of approximately 4,500 seating capacity. It has been his suggestion that the project be promoted as a war memorial.

Lastly, it has long been admitted that our auditorium is architecturally something of a hodge-podge. Should we not look toward the future needs of a thriving post-war institution? Should not this focal point of campus and community be given consideration among parallel prospective advances of the University of Illinois?



By Jo Anne Scott

FIESTA IN BLUE . . . A new numba by King Goodman, and you'll feast your ears on Cootie William's trumpet riot . . . spotlight over the boys in the band . . . Reverse to **I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY . . .** Benny and the Sextet ride this melody strictly for the listening.

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU . . . Lena Horne does a beautiful job for Duke Ellington's song . . . Horace Henderson's band helps in the breathe-places . . . coupling is **ONE FOR MY BABY . . .** a throbber and a sweet tune . . . set 'em up, we'll take one more.

STUFF LIKT THAT THERE . . . Betty Hutton gives it . . . you'll grin when Paul Weston aids her singing, talking, and . . . whispering. **BLUE SKIES** shining on us, and Berlin long time . . . melt a few bars and break, till bluebird Betty hurries the tune along.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET . . . deliver me this sunrise, all tied up by T. Dorsey . . . muted trumpets announce a mellow sax background for the Sentamentalists . . . **ANY OLD TIME** drop over and listen to blues-boy Billy Usher . . . a dreamy smooth saga of true love.

I'M CONFESSIN' . . . Harry James and the boys do a bit of work . . . trumpet boy riding high over Arnold Smith's piano, and Willie Smith's alto to a phono finish . . . The mate is **WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE . . .** no vocal, but James' super structure is slow sugar horn.

COCKTAILS FOR TWO . . . dealt by Victor. Spike Jones and his City Slickers bid softly up to the usual four spades . . . use them in the melody interp . . . second cutting is **LEAVE THE DISHES IN THE SINK, MA . . .** a typical Jones cross cut, with every saw available in use.

OUT OF THIS WORLD . . . Jo Stafford takes us right along . . . John-boy Mercer's idea, and Paul Weston leads . . . right over to **THERE'S NO YOU . . .** swish descending violins cushion Jo's love-words for the up and coming plattermate.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Rosalyn Constantine

THE VIOLENT FRIENDS . . .

By WINSTON CLEWES

Appleton Century

Brazen bells, insolent and imperious, clang as the character of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, comes to you in a novel so crammed with fire and turbulency of emotion that its stimulating impact on the mind is as powerful as the combined readings of Rousseau, Bacon and Emerson. So alive and so real is this book that in the space of a few hours one is overcome by constantly changing sensations of tenderness, beauty, hatred, revulsion, and terror, experiencing the physical and mental anguish of this man's life, with smells that smell, tears that sting, fever that burns the flesh.

Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels" as an outlet of his feelings toward man in his bestiality and physical degradation, holding reason over desire, and the holy, the good, beyond the reach of the lust from which he tries to liberate himself. Three major conflicts rage throughout the novel: one of political rebellion, one of religious confusion, and one between the spiritual and the sensual. The latter, occupying the greater part of the book, is the struggle of Swift between two women, Stella and Vanessa, the former representing a friendship, calm, ever-present, and, to his mind, more lasting than love itself; the latter as a shadow in the depths of his mind, refusing to be obliterated or ignored.

Turning his back on tormenting thoughts and yearnings for the callous Vanessa, he marries Stella without love, without physical passion, because he believes friendship to be the most sacred of all relationships. And here, within himself, there is a furious battle between the elements of gentleness and brutality, of a man trying to conquer his own soul.

There is one scene, in particular, that is especially poignant in its unreserved candour, where Swift is deceived by Vanessa when a letter she writes falls into the hands of his wife. He goes to her accusingly and slaps the mouth that pours kisses on his rage-reddened face. But the ride home is agonizing and torturous, for, gallop as he will, he cannot rid himself of the touch of that mouth, provocative and stirring, nor of her warm, pulsating body. He gives himself to the wind, but his awareness of her does not disappear; he feels sickened inside. Even in God he finds no solace.

Back to Stella, he never truly reaches the spiritual perfection for which he yearns, finding that his virtue and godliness are inadequate in erasing the unchaste from his mind. When the bells clang at the end, he has discovered that one may retain the purity of his body, but that certain ingredients of immorality and evil are released in the best of us.

Where "Young Bess" makes the salacious seem base and cheap, "The Violent Friends" speaks to us unashamedly, unflinchingly, of emotions, good and bad, of man and woman, of God. With its reading there are kindled new vistas of thought within the reader. It is not only absorbing, but memorable.

YOUNG BESS . . .

By MARGARET IRWIN

Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Dominated by the vigorous personality of Henry the Eighth, "Young Bess" presents the adolescence of his illegitimate child, who, with the body of a wanton, but the sapience of her deceased father, pushes two heirs aside to sit on a throne which is, through merit, not birth, rightfully hers.

Chronologically a young girl, she has the tantalizing appeal of a consummated woman, which she is shrewd enough to use as a means of attaining her aim—power, in making herself desirable, but not desirous. Nothing is to prevent her from becoming Queen, not men nor politics nor charters, not even her love for the Admiral, her stepfather. Despite her craving for him, when it becomes necessary to choose an end, she sacrifices him to the guillotine rather than risk the loss of gaining her coveted goal. Clever, creative, facetious, she is, nevertheless, in her adept cruelty, every inch the daughter of Henry, and even at the non-committal age of twelve gives promise of her future state as the magnificent, but merciless, Elizabeth of England who burned her child alive and was personally responsible for the death of hundreds.

Steeped in historic fact, frankly revealing, and full of carnal incident, this is by no means a "good" book, but it is, to a small extent, an educational book, and, to a large extent, an entertaining one.

OTHER SELECTIONS . . .

A TEXAN IN ENGLAND

By J. Frank Dobie

Little Brown

A MASQUE OF REASON

By Robert Frost

Holt

ANGEL IN THE FOREST

By Marguerite Young

Reynal and Hitchcock

PLEASANT VALLEY

By Louis Bromfield

Harper's Brothers

THE THURBER CARNIVAL

By James Thurber

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WHAT TO DO WITH JAPAN

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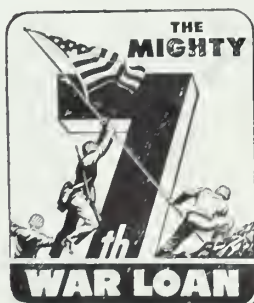


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200-210	112.50
180-200	93.75
140-180	75.00
100-140	37.50
Under \$100	18.75

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